

TELESCOPE

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Perhaps the most difficult, and therefore most important, time in a prisoner's rehabilitation is that time of re-integration with society.

AFTERCARE & THE PAROLEE begins on page 4.

"THE K.P. TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED TO PROVIDE THE INMATES WITH A MEDIUM OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND COMMUNICATION, IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

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TRIAL BY WHIMSY

Is it "better that a hundred guilty men go free than one innocent man be punished"? Does the burden of proof lie upon the Crown? Must guilt be proven beyond a reasonable doubt?

Jurists are, for the most part, sincere and conscientious but they can only measure their success by the number of reversals their decisions suffer in the Appeal Courts. Not many of those convicted appeal their sentences and this is taken to mean that everyone (even the accused) is satisfied. The truth is, however, that few people understand our legal mechanics, and few can afford competent attorneys.

Judges are human and, therefore, subject to human foibles. Often the evidence for and against the accused is so evenly balanced that a just decision becomes a tossup. In such cases the judge or magistrate may be seen to scrutinize the accused and hesitate. One magistrate openly admits that he weighs evidence and bases decisions on the demeanor of the man in the docket.

A recent quote in a Canadian court. "Although the evidence leaves room for doubt, I presume you are guilty and there will be a conviction in this case."

No doubt he meant to say *assume* but one wonders if the assumption was not based (at least in part) on the very fact that the accused was on trial.

Satisfactory legal aid, practical pauper's appeals, and other safeguards are needed to improve our justice. Samuel S. Liebowitz could have been speaking for Canada when he said: "I hear many people calling out 'Punish the guilty' but very few are concerned to clear the innocent."

K. P.'S FUTURE

What will K. P.'s future be? When at last Canada's penal building program has caught up with Canada's prison population what will become of her? Will she be torn down, as England's celebrated Dartmoor was; or made into a museum, perhaps, like Toronto's Casa Loma?

Built in 1837, added to in 1845, and again and again down through the years till now, she has grown into a formidable institution by any definition of the word. Four generations of Canadians have paced in their cells here while other Canadians paced these walls with rifles — each with a horizon as broad as his personal viewpoint and as long as his own lifetime.

The Limestone Palace, they called her wryly. She has grown hoary amid the flux of a growing nation, a structure out of place in a modern context, lending herself but grudgingly to most of the attempted penological advancements.

If she does ultimately become a museum she will make a fine one — if the ghosts of the one hundred fifty thousand-odd years that have been served within her confines are appeased by the knowledge that Canada's penological housecleaning has at last been accomplished.

THE COURTS AND THE COST

The case of sixteen-year-old John O'Brien has been much publicized since Brian Spikes, an ex-probation officer, took up his cause and, implicitly, the cause of all youthful offenders against society.

Magistrate Donald Graham declared in court that nobody wanted John. His worship was adamant about nobody wanting him. There was only one answer, of course. Jail the boy. Lock him up.

The people of Canada are great locker-uppers. They are capital locker-uppers. They lock up more people and for greater periods of time than almost any other nation in the world.

The magistrate or judge responsible for sentencing young girls and boys is simply acting for the public at large. It is the public that condones and therefore approves his decisions.

Obviously the public prefers to imprison rather than inform its young people when they show evidence of possessing social or psychological problems. Apparently this is considered cheaper than setting up some system of positive rehabilitation. A youth community might well be created where youngsters, confused and disturbed about their relationship to society and its requirements, might be given sufficient guidance and sympathetic understanding.

All this would be terribly expensive. But it would be no more expensive than the O'Keefe Centre or a new, multimillion-dollar city hall.

Handing over a youthful offender to some welfare or religious agency to be supervised by groups usually untrained in the science of human behaviour, then shipping him off to prison as a result of inability to cope with the problem, is inane.

Mr. Spikes states in his article in the Telegram, December 27, 1961: "The handing down of sentences which fit neither the criminal nor the crime has led many responsible authorities to question the right and ability of magistrates and judges to sentence persons convicted of crimes. Their feeling is that while magistrates and judges are well trained in law, they are seldom, if ever, trained in the art and science of human behaviour. They suggest, therefore, that after guilt has been established by the court, the question of sentence for the convicted person should be turned over to a panel of experts in human behaviour."

Who are these 'responsible persons'? If they are truly responsible and truly possess authority, let them step forth. Let them do something toward the crystalization of their convictions.

Taking decision out of the hands of the judiciary would be well. It would ensure that the problems of our young were being regarded in the light of human understanding. It would ensure that convicted children would not be locked away from all that might serve to retrieve them for the society that brought them into being, such as genuine compassion and a firm resolve to win them for life at all costs.

Canada's parole revocation rate is 7.7%. "Possibly the lowest in the world," says Robert Reguly of Toronto Star. But revocation in the Kingston area stands much lower, as reported by Whig-Standard, at 4%. Why are K.P. prisoners so much the better risks? And why, then, were they granted only 38 paroles out of last year's national total of 2132?

Most Toronto parolees are familiar with Ontario J.H.S. headquarters in the house at 168 Isabella St. (below).



Aftercare & The Parolee

By Neil Hicks

AFTERCARE for the penitentiary parolee is at present being carried out by the several John Howard Societies across Canada, the Elizabeth Fry Society (for women), the Salvation Army, the Catholic Rehabilitation Society and the various provincial Probation Services. It seems impressive until one considers Canada's 20 thousand-odd penal population (6500 in penitentiary), all of whom need rehabilitation and aftercare treatment, preferably by the parole method. The National Parole Board is curtailed by the limitations of even these combined facilities for aftercare in Canada, and it has been advocated that the government institute its own aftercare agency.

It is pointed out that greater use might be made of parole as a practical rehabilitative measure and, incidentally, a means of relieving the undesirably overcrowded conditions which have

long prevailed in our penal institutions and which prevent the sweeping reforms recommended by the Fauteux Committee from being put into effect.

It is further pointed out that two hundred fifty dollars (the cost of a parolee's supervision for a year) subtracted from two thousand dollars (the cost of keeping a man in penitentiary for a year) and multiplied by the number of reasonably good parole risks would represent a considerable saving to the taxpayers.

But "Government is not as effective as private, volunteer agencies in dealing with social problems," the Canadian Press reported Justice Minister Fulton as saying at the opening of a recent United Appeal drive in London, Ontario. Mr. Fulton realizes that human values, being of a flexible nature, are best dealt with in a flexible way by an agency that is more of the people

than of the government. In this way more and more citizens will ultimately learn about, identify with and take on some of the responsibility for the social diseases of crime and punishment. It is unlikely that the government will set up its own aftercare agencies.

There are dark sides to the overall picture but by and large it speaks well for parole and aftercare, as far as it has gone in Canada, especially when one considers that those paroled were serving time for the gamut of crimes ranging from theft and robbery through forgery and false pretenses to sex and narcotics violations.

This is true when reformation is thought of in terms of parole and aftercare, and not merely as the serving out of a 'sharp lesson' by way of atonement. For rarely does a man straighten out without some form of aftercare, *the very key to reformation*.

Aftercare, as it concerns the prisoner, is a broad and flexible term. It embraces every aspect of the social work done toward helping him become re-established in a socially-acceptable or at least a legitimate manner after release—in helping him to become self-supporting and self-reliant—in helping him find a niche in the social pattern. When the parolee fails and is returned to prison (as 7.7% are) his case worker, whether professional or amateur, often feels acutely that he has failed too. It is often the private citizen, the working man or small businessman with a feeling of social obligation, who does this work on an amateur basis for the John Howard Society — and does it with more human warmth and understanding than could be expected from a government-employed professional.

Sometimes it happens that a prisoner is paroled to a place where no private organization is represented. Then the parole board must make special arrangements. Perhaps there is a provincial probation service representative in the area to undertake the parolee's aftercare, or a police chief.

Figures are not available on how

many of the paroles granted are handled by each particular agency. But the consensus is that J.H.S. and the Salvation Army handle more than two thirds of K.P. paroles, with J.H.S. leading. Other agencies and private citizens make up the rest.

The social work done by the Salvation Army in many different fields is of course well known. Other Protestant, as well as Catholic and Jewish organizations who engage in various humanitarian work, also include aftercare for prisoners. The John Howard Society, however, is first in the field and best known because it deals in aftercare for prisoners only. It is non-denominational, supported by Red Feather money, private donations and government subsidy.

Efficient aftercare people feel keenly their duty to the parolee — getting to know him, allowing him every reasonable opportunity, and drawing him into society rather than arbitrating between. But at the same time they do not forget their duty to the public to report a man who seems not to have sufficient desire or sufficient emotional stability to succeed. It is no easy task. Sometimes it calls for the playing of the role of father or friend as well as supervisor.

Take the case of Bill, who is currently on parole in a small Ontario city. Bill, like many young fellows, married in haste several years ago and has been repenting ever since. How much blame for his prison sentence can be laid directly on the unfortunate marriage is hard to say. But he and his wife were incompatible from the start, and after the baby came it was even worse.

They are legally separated now, and the separate-maintenance payments don't bother Bill much. He lives with his people and earns good money as a skilled worker. What bothers him most is that by court order he is allowed only one visit on a specified day each week with his little girl and sometimes he has to work that day. His wife, if she were inclined to be reasonable, could arrange the visit on a suit-

able day, simply by giving permission, but she will not. Recently she refused to let Bill take their little daughter home for a brief visit at Christmas "to see the tree and get presents from Granny and Grandpa."

Many parolees have "gone off the deep end" on less provocation and been revoked as a consequence. Anyone knowing Bill's temperament and his situation would have predicted trouble and grief for him. But his parole supervisor got to him in time and "cooled him out." Bill is learning to remain emotionally stable in the face of provocation. He will likely succeed.

Of course, since only about ten percent of Canada's prisoners are currently being paroled, the greater part of after-care agencies' work is with prisoners who serve out their full time and suddenly find themselves free but friendless, in immediate need of personal survival requirements. Such men often gravitate to the nearest Salvation Army Hostel or John Howard Society in search of help. A good many of these are the 'steadies' from the county jails, who have become near-derelicts over the years — beaten men who have long accepted the philosophy of despair and live only in the present. Most are dedicated or compulsive alcoholics. All realize they are fair game for a vagrancy charge and another stint in the county jail again soon and inevitably. They make the rounds of the various agencies for handouts, perhaps work a few days if work is available to them, and half-heartedly play the game of staying out.

The Ontario John Howard Society, which began in 1929, now maintains six branches with a total of 15 - 20 full-time staff, and some 100 volunteer workers who give direct service on a part-time basis. They serve nearly 2500 ex-prisoners in a year who feel the need to avail themselves of social help, and give more than 10,000 interviews. They supervise close to 400 provincial and federal parolees in the course of a year. During 1961 they supervised many of

the 38 men who were paroled from Kingston.

The figure for aftercare extended last year to Kingston men who were not paroled but released after serving full time is not available. But there is reason to believe that it is small proportionately, when compared to that of provincial and county institutions.

Perhaps it is because a man released from penitentiary after serving a number of years to complete his sentence tends to be more bitter than reformatory or county-jail releasees, and therefore feels more inclined to operate as a free agent. Certainly he can afford to be more independent because he comes out with money for his immediate needs. County jails pay nothing. Reformatories pay only six cents per working day. But Canadian penitentiaries have for many years paid a minimum of ten dollars 'gate money' and now, under the new grading system, it is up to thirty-five.

J.H.S., while understandably chary about giving 'handouts,' often provides money for needed transportation to a job somewhere, money for board and room pending a first paycheck or money for work clothes if a releasee really needs it. If he comes out of a jail or a reformatory he well may, but a man coming out of penitentiary with thirty-five dollars in his pocket can scarcely expect immediately financial help from J.H.S. They will, however, get him in touch with the National Employment Service, help him find a suitable rooming house and offer good, sound advice, encouraging him to talk over the big and little personal problems that ex-prisoners are faced with.

This, understandably, has small appeal to a man embittered by years of confinement who smells free air in his nostrils and is drunk on the knowledge of freedom. Such a man feels unsympathetic toward 'dogooders' who wish to meddle with his future after full penalty has been extracted for his past. He avoids aftercare agencies.

Parolees, on the other hand, have no choice. They know they must straighten out for the duration of their sentence or go back to prison and complete it. They are glad to cooperate with an aftercare agency, accept supervision, work for a living and live respectably to stay free. They form roots in the community and take on citizens' responsibilities that maintain them long after parole expires and supervision is withdrawn.

All penitentiary inmates profit indirectly, however, as a result of J.H.S. work in areas that most take for granted. There is, for example, the gradually improving climate of public tolerance toward ex-prisoners in general that is resulting from ceaseless championing of enlightened penology by J.H.S. and others. J.H.S. campaigned for the right of ex-prisoners to be admitted into many unions that formerly barred them, campaigned for an increase in 'gate money' for the releasee, and campaigned generally for prison reform. These campaigns have been successful and so have others which, because they were long range, can scarcely be measured over a year, or even a decade.

A.M. Kirkpatrick is an outstanding example of a socially dedicated man. In 1954 he appeared before a Joint Parliamentary Committee in Ottawa to make a statement offering 74 points in argument against corporal and capital punishment in Canada. It is interesting that he did it not in his official capacity of Executive Director of Ontario J.H.S. — for the society was at that time itself divided on the question — but as a compassionate Canadian who felt constrained to strike a blow for humanity.

Now, eight years later, though these penalties have not been abolished, they have been modified.

'Kirk' an affable fireball of a man, continues to campaign for the J.H.S. causes and his own (which usually coincide). He addresses clubs, congresses

or literally any gathering he can crash, and writes endless penological pamphlets. In the final paragraph of one, *Human Problems of Prison Aftercare*, he sums up:

"It is useless to send a man away from society without providing a method by which he can re-enter the community with some chance of putting into effect new goals and changed habits. This is economic justification for the relatively small cost to the community of maintaining aftercare service as part of the war against crime and its cost both to property and to the person. But the greater justification and reward for those engaged in the work is the knowledge and assurance of human values conserved and productively released. This is seen in the new happiness of lives which had been wasted and ruined by past misdeeds, and in the increased usefulness they presented to friends, relatives and society as a whole."

It is a wonderful thing that such aftercare agencies as we have are doing within limitations of budget, staff and cooperation from people who insist we should carry on with Grandfather's penological concepts. The biggest drawback, perhaps, is the personnel problem. Periodically J.H.S. runs the following ad:

"Caseworkers required. Professional training in social work a requisite."

It is hoped that money, facilities and personnel will yet materialize for the leader in the aftercare field, J.H.S., without curtailing its other activities, to supervise many more paroles from among a thousand K.P. inmates in the course of a year. For surely when aftercare agencies are equal to the task of supervising all reasonably good parole risks the National Parole Board will act. Revocation figures will grow higher than the present world's lowest 7.7% but the overall repeater rate must dwindle as a consequence and an overdue saving of penological dollars and broken lives must result.

THE VISIT

In December an inmate of this institution received a visit from his wife and children under unusual circumstances. It was a visit the implications of which could have far-reaching results in terms of family-prisoner relationships.

Letters, although treasured and valuable, tend to become stereotyped with the monotonous passing of time and so cannot hope to take the place of a genuine exchange of greetings through the medium of personal visits. Besides, so many people are at a loss to communicate their true feelings by way of the written word. Their feelings, when put in a letter, often seem inadequately expressed, both to themselves and to the one for whom the letter is meant.

By E. E. Chalmers

This is why the periodic visit is so vital to all concerned. But if those wishing to visit live far away, as most do, and if they are in poor financial condition, as most are, the visits — if they take place at all — will be few and far between. Not only will they be rare, but they will necessarily be undertaken by a single member of the family acting as representative of the rest of the family. Thus, for lack of funds, a wife may manage one, or possibly two, visits over a stretch of, say, five years. This means that if there are children, they have lost the notion of a father for the entire period of his imprisonment — a dreadful thing for all concerned.

This was the situation facing an inmate of Kingston Penitentiary last December when three small children in a distant city went to a department store with their mother to see Santa Claus. When asked what sort of toys they would like most for Christmas, all three explained that they didn't want any toys. No toys? Well what did they want, then? asked Santa Claus. Our daddy. We want to see our Daddy. The youngest child, a girl of five, had never seen her Daddy in all her life. And that's what she wanted more than anything. That's what they all wanted.

This was quite a tall order when you consider that 'Daddy' was (and is) a prisoner of the Federal Government and serving a sentence of nine years in Canada's maximum security penitentiary at Kingston Ontario.

But his young wife could not sleep that night. The children wanted their father. They wanted to see him, to hear the sound of his voice and to feel his arms around them. But how?

There was no money. They were subsisting on city welfare. There was no cash for extras of any kind. Their father was three hundred miles away. He might just as well be three thousand miles away.

And yet the young mother could not quite bring herself to believe that such

a thing was entirely impossible. The following day she turned to the Salvation Army for advice. That was when things started to move.

Brigadier Thomas Hobbins, a Salvation Army probation officer, listened to her problem. Brigadier Hobbins spent the next day or two attempting to come up with a workable solution. But the expenses involved in such a project: train fares or other transportation costs, plus meals and accommodation overnight after arrival, discouraged him. "I just haven't the money for that sort of thing," he declared.

Then he decided to launch an appeal through the London Free Press. The immediate response, he said, was "absolutely astonishing!" Contributions began to arrive in a steady stream. As well as many local contributions, a large cash donation was received from the R.C.A.F. station at Bagotville, Quebec. When informed of their coming visit with Daddy, the children, two girls aged 9 and 5 and one boy aged 7, were so excited, their mother said, that they could not sleep.

The family was driven the three hundred miles by Brigadier Hobbins. Arrangements for the accommodation of the young family in Kingston were made by Brigadier Mercer of Kingston.

There were two visits, of unlimited duration and of a private nature, arranged by the warden. No guard was present at any time. The first visit took place on the eve of arrival, the second on the following morning.

"I could have fallen through the floor," the husband revealed, referring to his first reaction upon being informed that his family were awaiting him at the North Gate.

"I was lying on my bed feeling sort of let down the way you do in a place like this during the Christmas holidays when they told me," he went on. "And do you know, my little girl, the one who was born after I came here, she just flew into my arms. I had never laid eyes on her and she had never laid eyes on

me but that's what happened. We weren't strange to one another at all."

Other prisoners gave the father gifts for the children which they had made with their own hands, including a large table lamp, a beautiful, hand-worked cushion, a jewel box for the oldest girl and enough candy to last half a childhood.

Special permission had to be obtained to give the gifts, but this turned out to be no problem at all.

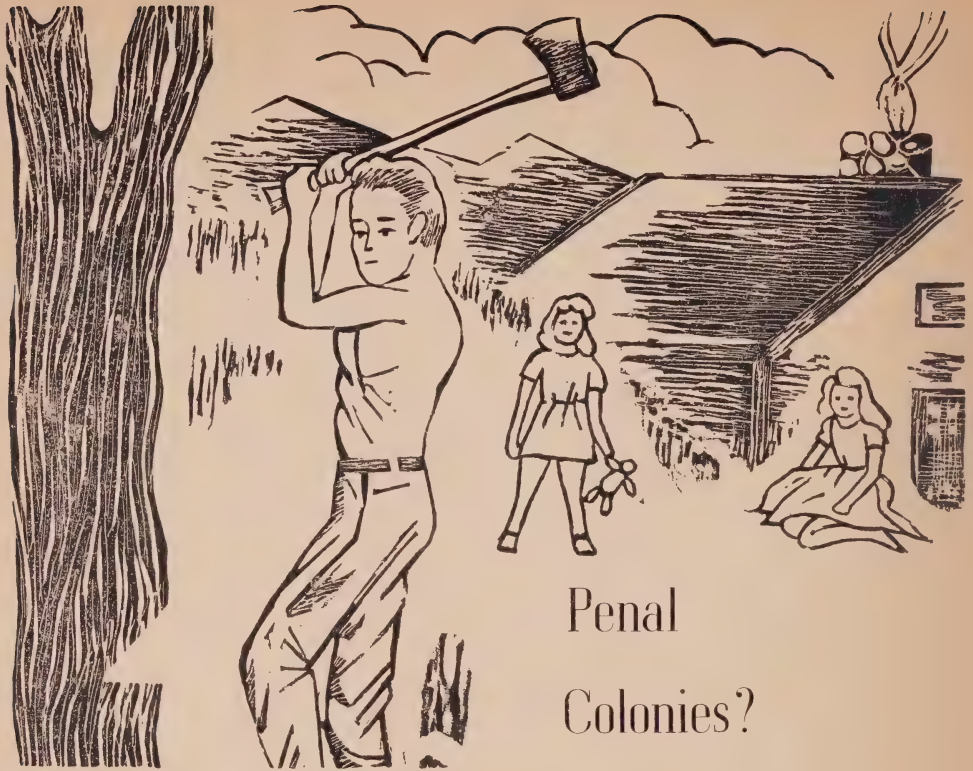
It was the first time in the long history of the penitentiary that such an unusual visit had ever been granted. A visit of this nature can be more valuable than years of conventional rehabilitation. Its significance cannot be measured on a graph or broken down and compiled in sets of statistics.

How do you measure the love in a child's eyes and the answering love in the eyes of its father? How can you measure the emotions of a young woman who, day by day, year in and year out, must of necessity raise her children in an atmosphere of loneliness and doubt, when she suddenly sees them in their father's arms and knows that this is as it should be, this is right and good—for them and for him, and for her?

The father was asked what the visit had meant to him personally, and he replied: "How can I put it into words? I can't but I'll try. It meant the difference between going home upon my release and not going home. I had decided for various reasons that to go home to my family would be a mistake. As a result of the visit I've realized that failing to go home would have been the mistake. That's where I belong. For the rest of my life."

It is beyond human ability to calculate the forces for good which were touched off in the heart and mind of one lonely man all because three little children told a department store Santa Claus: "We don't want any toys. We want to see our Daddy."

But then, children have a way of getting at the very heart of a thing.



Penal Colonies?

By T. Cunningham

The trend in penology is presently undergoing even another change. With every change in trend, hundreds of thousands of words are written on "the new concept". Today the new concept embraces open prisons and correctional work camps. In several provinces, including Ontario, work camps are springing up to be populated by federal prisoners who would otherwise be occupying cells.

There are three work camps currently in use in Ontario. And in British Columbia the most progressive penal institution is the Agassiz Correctional Work Camp. The purpose of Agassiz is expressed by Warden Tom Hall in this way:

"It takes men out of maximum security prisons, where their lives are being wasted and their spirits destroyed, and it teaches them work habits that will prepare them for civilian life.

It builds up their confidence, preparing them for an easier entry to normal life by surrounding them with all the normal things missing in maximum security life."

New Brunswick has its work camps too, the foremost being Central Reformatory. The purpose of Central is to train young men in agriculture as well as technical trades. Its success thus far has inspired B. W. Henheffer, Provincial Penal Inspector to say: "The objective of Central is to make time serve the inmate, rather than the inmate serve time and it is doing exactly that."

Penology has progressed a long way from the days when penal colonies were considered the answer to criminality, but the trend today, "the new concept," would indicate that penology might progressively regress right back

to them. Perhaps the idea of penal colonies was not sufficiently explored and too hastily abandoned. There is a lot to be said for penal colonies although to say it at a time when our modern age is giving birth to "new concepts" every month might provoke ridicule.

It is difficult to draw a parallel to penal colonies today. Today existing work camps are only a step in the general direction. The island of Cayenne for instance was populated mainly by prisoners who had served their time and could not afford to pay their passage home. As a result they settled on the island, becoming business men, casual workers, or village louts. Many of them married island women and raised families. The families are today the pillars of society. We have progressed a long way from islands like Cayenne though.

We have progressed to the point where a man is now put in a cell and left to think about what he has done to injure society. In this way he can identify his punishment with the authority of society and grow bitter towards it, or he can be intimidated by bars of steel and locked doors into conforming to the general rule.

What an awakening it would be if the authorities on penology were to learn, after years of experimenting with men's freedom, that the only effective solution to the problem of reforming and rehabilitating criminals was to institute penal colonies again. It would embarrass them terribly to admit that the penologists of a hundred years ago, who were hampered by the absence of the word penology from their vocabularies, were incidentally on the right road in their method of dealing with criminals.

Australia is a monument to penal colonies. It was settled by convicts transported from England to serve a sentence and at the same time to carve out of a wilderness an island of consequence. The method of transportation is a black page in history and the

indignities suffered by the convicts after they arrived on the island still cause many a modern penologist to shudder between his sheets. In spite of the suffering and indignities, or because of them, a continent was born, a continent whose inhabitants are proud of their heritage, whose elite society traces with pride its family tree to the days when its forefathers were convicts.

While it would not be in anyone's best interest to revert to the cruelty of Devil's Island, the idea of penal colonies in our modern and civilized age should not be lightly discarded. There is a possibility that a modernistic colony for criminals would benefit both the offender and society. One thing is certain, the present system is sadly ineffectual. This is borne out by the high rate of recidivism.

One of the worst things about our present system is that by all standards of rehabilitation many men could be few months after they have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, best motivated to return to society a but there is no way in the world they can do so, short of escape.

Dr. Jean Garneau, Director of Classification and Psychology has this to say about prison: "I believe there is a growing awareness that prolonged isolation from the community can have an extremely destructive influence on the offender's life."

If Dr. Garneau is right and one of prison's three-fold purposes is to rehabilitate, burying a man in a cell so that he is out of touch with society will not help him to reform. The longer a man has been out of touch with society, the more difficult it is to rehabilitate him. Rehabilitating criminals would be a much easier task if prison resembled a normal community. It would seem that if a man is taken out of the social context he abused and put in a restricted one, society should be satisfied that he is being punished. If the restricted context was a penal colony and it made respectable, self-sup-

porting men out of criminals, so much the better.

Serving a sentence in a penal colony would be a restricted enough existence to satisfy society that its criminal offenders were being punished, yet it would resemble the normal community life closely enough so that the offender would not become unfamiliar with it. There are very few frontiers left to settle so a penal colony in Canada would hardly compare with the settling of Australia, but our western provinces have vast unworked acreage and this is where a penal colony could be set up.

An idea penal colony would permit men to be trained according to their aptitude and it would be self-supporting, or even profit making in the growing of farm produce. Each man, if his family were willing, could have them there for a part, or all, of the time. He would earn money for his labor and in this way support them. Collectively the independent growers would not complain about a competitive communal farm, because they would have to agree that if they were deprived of a part of the market that would otherwise be theirs, the money they lost at the market would only be a fraction of what they lose annually by theft.

The government would benefit from a communal farm by the export of produce, society would benefit by a decrease in the number of criminals returning to crime and the offender would benefit by an association with the responsibilities of normal life that in prison he can never conceive, much less accept.

If life on the communal farm was made as close to normal as possible, a man being able to earn money, support a family and share an interest in the community, men released after time served would not have to make the long step from limbo to reality. The responsibilities of normal life would not be unfamiliar to them.

While the aspect of a communal farm has many ramifications, work and a formulated plan could iron them out. A man would still be serving the sentence imposed by the court, but in serving it on a communal farm he would be benefiting himself and everyone concerned in the progress of the country.

A newly married man sentenced to five or ten years under our present system comes out of prison to a wife, if she waited, who has matured in his absence. If this same man served his sentence on a communal farm, he would rejoin society the father of children and be accustomed to supporting them. The difference in the work he would do after rejoining society would not matter. The responsibility would be the same.

Jackson State Prison leads the field in the return to penal colonies. There men are already learning the responsibilities of earning a living. They are still a long way from the ideal goal, but they are progressing. Some inmates in Jackson are allowed to work in the daytime and return to the prison at night.

All wages earned by the inmates are turned over to prison authorities. Three fifty is deducted for room and board and the remainder is placed in a bank account in the inmate's name. In the year since the new system went into effect, 120 inmates have earned \$43,000 while holding steady employment as they serve out their sentence.

More important than the money these men have earned is the responsibility they have learned. Facing responsibility is the biggest problem for ex-inmates of penitentiaries. Under our present system men are removed completely from responsibility. Communal farms or, though the term offends, penal colonies, would teach responsibility. Perhaps we have progressed too far beyond that. Or perhaps we may yet progress to it. Only time can tell.

Vale

Anonymous

What have I discovered since coming to work in one of Canada's maximum security penitentiaries? That prisoners are people? Yes, but then I suspected that all along. Guards are people too; so are policemen and judges. That doesn't get us far.

I find a lot wrong with our penal system but I always was good at finding fault.

I don't think prisoners are mollycoddled nor do I find that they are harshly treated. The main trouble, I think, is that they are not treated at all. I hate to see the frustration and the wasted lives. Outside, the world rolls by as usual. But in the grey world of prison, time stands still.

A man can do a lot for himself in here if he knows what he wants and has the guts to go after it. But usually he needs help along the way and that help is frequently not forthcoming. Mostly, a man has good intentions — the same ones the road to hell is paved with. And so it goes — the spirit is willing, so to speak, but the flesh is weak.

I'd like to see a system such as they have in one of the English prisons. Each guard has half a dozen prisoners under his own personal care. They are his 'boys'. If they have a beef they go to him and he has to straighten it out. He talks to them, helps them, sees that they have what they need, tries to advise them and stands behind them in time of trouble. He practically lives with them.

I'd like to see that system carried even further — to a point where the 'tutor' could go to the warden and say: "Look, this man is straightened out. I don't care how long he has to serve. If he goes out *now* he can be a useful citizen and will never come back here. Let him go, under any condition you like." And the warden would put in a call to his superior and next day the man would be on his way.

I don't think it matters how many years a man has to serve. As of the moment he is straightened out, the debt should be marked PAID IN FULL. No amount of time can settle a score. Some time might help a man but too much must certainly worsen him.

I would like to hear judges pass sentences like this: "You must go to ——— Institution (it isn't a place of punishment so he doesn't call it penitentiary) until such time as competent authority is convinced that you are ready as a responsible citizen to work toward the good of yourself and others. But in no case shall you stay longer than five years, less remission."

I think five years should be the maximum. If a man can't be straightened out in that time he can't be straightened out at all. And of all the men I've met in here I have yet to find one whose case is hopeless. With help, encouragement and example you can influence anybody. I know; I've seen it work.

Ball games and exercise are good but they are only ways to kill time and work off energy. Applied psychology is all right as far as it goes, but it is so restricted as to be a source of frustration to the men who could most benefit by it, and it often gives a weak character an excuse for doing nothing for itself. Religion is fine for those who can go for it but it is limited to the faithful and you can't order a man to have faith.

The sort of faith that is needed most, and incidentally, more easily promulgated, is faith in man.

My Son

Won't Go To

Prison

By Dutch Vanderneese

From time to time Telescope reprints outstanding articles from the free world or, as in this case, from another penal publication. The following article, written by a prisoner, was first published by The Lutheran Magazine — then was reprinted in The Atlantian of the U.S. Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

The author, who doesn't actually have a son, is serving time in the Iowa State Penitentiary. He has thought a good deal about how he went wrong and wishes to guide fathers in avoiding parental mistakes that could prove serious in their children's future.

A good ball player often lets the first strike cross the plate while he studies the pitcher. So it will have to be with my son. He'll have one strike against him in life — for his father will have been an ex-convict. But I don't intend to make my criminal record a cross for my son to bear. I hope he will be better equipped to blast a home run on the second or third offering.

No — I don't have a son yet. But I will have some day. And in spite of that old saying, "Like father, like son," I intend to be a good parent. My son will have to bear my name and help pay for the mistake I made. But I in-

tend to see to it that he'll never grow up to be a criminal.

My son won't be a criminal because I've been through the mill of crime and imprisonment. I know the soul-cutting emptiness of a prison cell. I know the fear and the running days and haunting nights of being chased by the law. I know the soul-crushing weight of a guilty conscience. The shame and degradation of a prison number instead of a name have been my load to bear. I know — and I'll never want my son to know these things.

My life won't be wasted. Experience is a priceless teacher. If I can impart

to my son one bit of the wisdom I have absorbed in the many years I have been confined — then it will have been worth it. If I can, by my past, convince my son of the value of being a good citizen and living within the law — both God's and man's law — my existence will have been justified.

I won't let my son make the mistakes I made. Or, better, I won't make the same mistakes so many other parents make. I know the situations which can turn those first tiny steps into full strides. I've lived, watched, and reflected on the misdeeds which lead to a life of crime. I know, as most people who have seen only results can ever know them.

Through my own experiences I know the steps. I shall be able to spot the signs — and correct them before they have a chance to develop. In this respect my son will be lucky — far luckier than the tens-of-millions of other sons, young and old, who have run afoul of the law in the past.

Few parents can recognize the steps. Many a father has stood by and watched his son's life ruined — and has not been able, through lack of personal experience, to raise a hand.

He has tasted the futility of helplessness.

How many parents could realize the sickness and despair which form in the heart of a child when he hears his loved ones arguing, even about trivial matters? Do they stop to think they're driving their child away from them? Do they realize how a young child can quake with fear of insecurity when he feels rejected or unwanted, in his own home?

I know these things. I know how lonely a boy can be — even among friends. I know that outside associations, no matter how well-rounded, can't take the place of a wholesome family life. I learned these things the hard way.

Most parents can't understand the feeling a child has when he is turned out of his home — not physically, but

spiritually. Most parents feel they have done a "good job" of raising their child when they provide him with the physical essentials of life. I know better. I know a child would be happier in a shed — if it was warmed with the love of a mother and the companionship of a father.

My son won't have it easy. He'll have to work and assume responsibility. But I'll never threaten him with work. He'll learn that work is a privilege — not a punishment. He'll realize that his position in life is equal to mine. I won't relegate him to the lesser sphere in which most parents place their child.

My life and his will run together. I'll not set myself apart as an "adult" and demand distant respect from my son. Some parents can't realize how a boy feels when he is on the fringe of life's ever changing surface.

My son won't go to prison — not because I'll teach him the important things in life — I'll show him there's a big difference between teach and show. I won't create conflict in his young mind but using the "Do as I say — not as I do" method.

I'll never keep secrets from my son — either about my past or his future. The things he should know will come from me. Ugly rumors have a way or magnifying when they are passed from person to person. These rumors are always worse than truth. I will try to make my son's life a constant adventure. Boredom and inactivity will never cause him to seek companionship and acceptance from the "wrong mob".

My son will be a full-fledged member of the family. He will have duties — but he will understand these duties are important to his happiness and way of life.

He will carry them out with pride, because he will realize he is working for his family — and himself.

He will realize that responsibility is a part of the important molding of his future. He will be proud to be a contributing member of the family unit. As

he grows older, and his responsibilities increase, he will realize that responsibility begets responsibility.

My son will be invited and encouraged — but not forced — to tell me about his problems. I will never be too busy to talk, or play, or just sit in silence with him. He will never grow secretive and carry his problems to grow and burst out as antisocial acts of aggression.

Instead of driving my son away with an air of adult superiority, I will let him realize I made mistakes, and perhaps he will profit by drawing on my experience. I will never force my attentions on my son. I will never be nosey about his personal life — but he will trust me and won't have any secrets.

I will know that "too loose a rein can spoil a horse." My son will be punished if he violates one of the family's, or society's, rules. But he won't be beaten. Beating will drive a boy into himself and destroy his confidence in me, his father.

I will demonstrate to him that his misbehaviour harms others besides himself. He will be shown that continued misbehaviour will destroy people's confidence in him. With proper explanations of right and wrong, he will be punished by knowing his actions hurt others. No good man — or boy — has a harsher judge than his own conscience.

When my son is very young I will attempt to find out what his interests are. I know that a young boy is similar to a newborn colt. Like the colt, the boy is eager to try his shaky legs. He will fall many times before he gains the strength of personal conviction necessary to carry him to his goal.

If my son chooses medicine or another of the professional careers, I will be proud of him. I will be just as proud if he decides to be an auto-mechanic. I will not try to live my own mistakes and seek triumphs that evaded me through the efforts of my son.

My son will realize that social posi-

tion, money, or material possessions aren't the important things. He will learn that happiness and family life and a feeling of belonging are much more satisfying. I want my son to live every moment of life as if it were a great adventure. But, mainly, I want him to plot his own course. I will stand ready to help him through rough water, but he must do his own navigating.

I will not force religion on my son. I hope he will grow to love God and I will do everything in my power to make religion seem natural and beautiful to him. But religion will never become a load for him to bear. I think he will come to love God and understand the meaning of religion through his own personal experience.

I will be ready to take my son to church — or go fishing with him — or leave him alone. The choice will be his. He will have the opportunity to develop his own personality freely — not through domination. My son will know I am at his side. He will know there is something fine and noble in life. He will realize that paternal loyalty is much more satisfying than domination.

My son will love and respect his mother. He will never see his parents quarrelsome or unhappy. If my wife and I have problems, we will not make our son live with them. We will realize he has a big job — growing up. His security will never be threatened.

It is certain that my son won't be born "with a silver spoon in his mouth." But he will have something else. He will have a father who has experienced trouble, frustration and loneliness. This could prove to be a handicap to him. But I intend to turn it into an asset.

Where I made wrong turns, my son can choose the other, better way. Where I faltered, my son can gain strength. My son will learn a lot from my mistakes. But, just as important, I will learn from him. Together we can face the future with confidence — my son and I.

PROJECT

C - 27

By Eddie McDonald

Today within the compound of the Women's Prison at Kingston there is a picturesque, six-room bungalow. It is white with coral trim, and any young couple would be proud to call it home, providing it were located somewhere else.

Flanked on all sides by formidable walls and a gray, barred cell block, this charming house is incongruous, somewhat like a prissy little maid caught in a police raid on a gambling joint. But it adds the only esthetic quality to an otherwise drab scene.

The building, C-27, is where Home Economics will be taught to the female inmates. So when classes begin there will be no excuse for burned beef, overdone eggs, poorly made beds or over-starched collars. Knowledge of how to gain the maximum from the minimum without yielding quality is the aim of the new department.

Last Spring Ottawa sanctioned the project. After receiving the go-ahead, H. S. Frayne, Chief Trade Instructor, put the excavation gang to work. They began to dig the foundation. Much difficulty was encountered in the first stages because hard granite had to be dynamited and drilled by air hammer. Also a subterranean stream had to be diverted. However, coffee made for the boys by the laundry superinten-

dants smoothed the way. These gals also stimulated in the pressed-pants-and-shirt department, for the men were dressed smarter than usual with neat clothes and polished shoes.

After the excavation was completed Mr. (Scotty) Renwick, who learned his trade in the Granite City, Aberdeen, together with his men built the block foundation.

Meanwhile Collin's Bay carpenters were busy prefabricating the walls and partitions.

When the masons were finished with the block-laying, Mr. Edward Hector (the Erector), carpenter instructor, moved his crew onto the scene. Floor joists were laid, plywood floor constructed and the pre-fabs hoisted into place and spiked. All the sections fit perfectly as if they had been fashioned right there on the job. The roof was put on in record time then shingled.

Meanwhile fixtures were being installed and three inmate electricians passed their journeymen exams while working on project C-27.

Quickly the building took on the appearance of a home. The paint gang, headed by Mr. Boucher, moved onto the scene and colored the building beautifully. The bedrooms and livingroom were painted in pastel shades. The floors were tiled in cream and brown linoleum squares while the kitchen, bathroom and laundry were enameled in attractive shades.

The higher-than-average foundation gives the house the appearance of a flapper with her knees showing. The 5-12 pitch of the roof suggests an Italian bob. Yes, C-27 is a flapper with the soul of a lady with courage determined not to be defeated by the sombreness of her surroundings.

If you chance to walk up Palace Road and your nostrils are assailed by a pleasant aroma, you can be sure some prodigy is experimenting with a recipe from Antone's.

Bon Voyage, girls — happy cooking days!

Good - Time:

Telescope, as a result of enquiries about the introduction of the remission changes passed by Parliament last summer, presents the latest communication from Ottawa. It is expected that the following system will be instituted within the next few months.

STATUTORY REMISSION

Statutory Remission is given to all inmates serving fixed terms, as of right, on admission to the penitentiary. It is equal to one quarter of the sentence or aggregate sentence. This remission can be forfeited at any time for breach of institutional discipline. On conviction in a criminal court for escape or attempted escape, an inmate will automatically forfeit three quarters of the Statutory Remission standing to his credit at the time that he escaped.

EARNED REMISSION

Earned Remission is not a right. It is a privilege that can only be granted to inmates who by attitude, work and conduct indicate that they are sincerely intending and trying to "go straight". Absence of adverse reports does not mean that an inmate is good enough for Earned Remission, he must make an even greater effort. Earned Remission is three days for each calendar month served, and once awarded cannot be taken away.

INMATES UNDERGOING SENTENCE WHEN THE NEW ACT COMES INTO FORCE

These inmates will be given Statutory Remission on the balance of their sentences as follows:

First the sentence or the aggregate of the sentences will be reduced by the amount of the Amnesty (if any) that has already been given to the inmate. This will be called the Residue of the sentence. From this residue will be deducted the number of days served, and credited to the inmate on the date that the Act comes into force. The balance will be divided by four and be termed Statutory Remission on Balance of Sentence. The amount of Statutory Remission that an inmate will be given on the day the Act comes into force will, therefore, be the number of days Statutory Remission on the Balance of Sentence plus the number of days Remission credited before the Act came into force. This total amount will be subject to forfeiture or deductions as prescribed for Statutory Remission.

From the day that the Act comes into force, all inmates, unless disqualified by being under punishment, etc., will be able to earn Earned Remission.

EXAMPLE

If the Act comes into force on April 1st, 1962 (this date is not yet known and April 1st is used only to illustrate), Inmate "A" — Sentence three years, Started February 5th, 1961 — has 82 days Remission to his credit on April 1st, 1962.

Days in Sentence	1095
Days Served (5.2.61 to 1.4.62)	420
Residue	675
Remission to Credit	82
Balance to Serve	593
Statutory Remission on Balance	149
Days to Serve from April 1, 1962	444

Statutory Remission (total) 231 days

If he earns full Earned Remission from April 1st, 1962, on March 31st, 1963 he will have to serve 444 days minus 365 days actually served, minus 36 days Earned Remission for one year (444 - 401), namely 33 days. In the month of April he should earn another 3 days. He will, therefore, be due for release on April 29th, 1963. Without the new Act, he would not have been due for release until August 21st, 1963.

It should be noted that if Inmate "A" escapes on, for example, May 1st, 1962, he will lose three quarters of 231 days Remission, namely 174 days. Under the former rule he would have lost only 92 days (82 plus 10 days earned in April).

PAROLE

Under the former Act, an Inmate Released on Parole was subject to supervision for the balance of his sentence at the time of his release, less the Remission he had earned. But if his Parole was forfeited or cancelled, he lost the Remission he had been credited with.

Under the new Act, the Parole supervision runs until the date of expiry of the sentence less the number of days of Earned Remission only, at the time of release. In the event of revocation or cancellation, the Earned Remission is not forfeited and the Parole Violator serves only the unexpired portion of his sentence less the Earned Remission.

EXAMPLE

If inmate "A" serving the sentence shown above is released on Parole on August 15th, 1962, for example, he will have 3 days Earned Remission for April, May, June and July: 12 days and 2 for the part of August. His Parole expiry date will, therefore, be 14 days before February 4th, 1964, that is January 21st, 1964. If his Parole is revoked, he will have to serve the 1095 days in the original sentence less 556 served to August 15th (539) less 12 days Earned Remission, which comes to 527 days.

MEMORY

Within the circle of my life
There dwells a great pulsating warmth
Which other hearts could never feel
Nor insight's eyes perceive.
This warmth invigorates my veins
And leads me through this tortured hell
With just one flickering, tiny spark —
Remembrance, is its name.
The soul alone may illustrate
The truth the eyes can't see;
But instincts heart must surely sense
The vastness of the dream.
The circle of my life's void
If that one spark should fade
Into the mist of yesterday
Along with memory.

Mary Lloyd

Six

Love
lighted!
Love
laughed!
Love
lingered!
Love
lost!

Poems

At the sound of footsteps in the distance
My heart beats faster with the knowledge
Of your dear presence.
The slow measured tread brings you near —
And after what seems an eternity
You come into view and my eyes
Brighten with gladness at the very sight of you.
You are close to me now and your words
Are small meaningless phrases
That fill my heart with joy.
You reach out to touch my hand
And my soul rejoices in the nearness of you.
The hours spent in your presence
Are filled with happiness.
And my lonely hours are content,
Knowing I will hear your step once more.
Call it love, fascination, or whatever you will —
The emotion is there and cannot be ignored.

D. H.

THE FACE OF VIOLENCE

The face of violence is
Weak: the coward's answer
To a fact he cannot bear
To think about; the slob's
Cure-all for his stupidity;
The cry of the submergent man
For undeserved notice.

Who can wield a club?
Why anybody. The splitting of skulls
Is as dull as chopping wood.
It is a sad reflection on evolution
To note that a few million years
After we came out of the trees
Some men still envy the ape.

W. H.

THE TEST

Our star on high can see my tears
And knows the yearning of my heart.
It knows I've pined throughout the years,
And hears my sighs since we're apart.
The tender words, each soft caress,
Come gently stealing from the past
They help to calm my heart's duress....
A test of time.....Will YOUR love last?

June Gardiner

THE BOY AND THE MAN

A child stood dreaming in the sun.
He thought: I wish I was a man —
Gee, it must be lots of fun
To sail upon the seven seas
And wear your pants below your kness
And do the things a man can.

A man was watching in the sun.
He thought: were I a child again,
Just like that drowsy little one,
I'd run and jump and laugh all day,
I'd spend eternity that way —
If I were six or eight or ten.

E. E. C.

Notes



To You

By Kathy Vandal

The month of hearts 'n flowers is once again upon us and while most people are singing My Funny Valentine and hoping for an arrow from Dan Cupid's bow — back at our ranch, these things are happening.

Kitchen Kapers find our "can opener kids", Jackie P and Nicki in the front mess. Now there's a couple of cooking kooks for you. In the back kitchen, Lil is still with us in the coffee department. Speaking for myself I kinda think she's trying to discourage Castro from growing anymore . . . but who knows?

Two School Kats who have me confused are Carol C and Shirley C. Shirl is busy digging up reference books, but refused to say on what. Meanwhile Carol says she wants to take a course

in butchering. On the subject of butchering, this writer, sicky-poo as she is, has completed her course, as you can well see.

Laundry Lines find our ironing room livened up by Barb E and Wing, especially when Wing gives out with her "cuppa coffee" story. So old grandad thought he had trouble with his Stanley Steamer, Ha! He oughta hear Muggs 'n Nicki talking to their boilers these cold mornings. Tell you what kids, instead of a gentle pat, try a swift kick for more action. Elsie has postponed her Jerusalem journey to help "our favorite redhead" Sadie out of the mangle.

TV-wise, come four-thirty and the mad rush is on for front row seats for American Bandstand. If you can beat the four-minute mile, you stand a chance of getting there ahead of Donna R, Sue E, Barb E, Wing and Eileen P. In the far corner, Bonnie gives out with Twist lessons. Her most apt pupil being Marcelle.

Lorraine McG calls for complete silence when her Elliot Ness makes the scene. Ditto for Terri when Big Bad Gordie Howe takes to the ice on Saturday nite. My prediction for the Stanley Cup — Beliveau and the Canadians.

After listening to the disc-jockeys' choices for Hit Parade of '61, I called upon a few females to make some choices and here they are.

Eileen P	Ties That Bind
Muggs	Stardust
Nikki	Unforgettable
Terri	Till The End Of Time
Bonnie	Crazy
Barb E	Turn Around, Look At Me
Bev W	Stand By Me
Marcell	A Town Without Pity
Lorraine McG	Yours
Flotsam	Theme From Medic
Jetsam	"What's the Hit Parade?"

Yours truly is torn between Pretty Blue Eyes and Bless You. There you have the favorite songs from the House of Dolls.

Till another thirty slips by, be cool.



// IF THAT'S FROM JACK... WE'RE NOT SPEAKING.. //

Getting Around with Lou



LIKE. JUST FOR LAUGHS: I'll go out and celebrate, on February 22nd, my 20th Anniversary — since getting kicked outta school. . . If this present trend continues, Kingstown will be renamed Boys Town. . . I'd never associate with any committee that had me on it. . . Hey, whaddaya think of a committee Big 5 consisting of Buddy Johnston, Ralph Lundrigan, Don Antone, Johnny Roy and Herb Handy. 'S Alright? Okay! . . . An even 400 blood donors gave their red, Dec. 27, 28. . . What color is tired blood? . . . Rompin Ron McCann brought the big paper bag but Donnie Cuthbertson couldn't swing with those cookies nohow! (Surrounded) . . . Reason they took those elevator X Rays over at Harvey Dartch's sheet 'n metal shack was so G Blockers couldn't watch the girls, just walk on by. . . Spoon I swallowed should show up soon. . . Misery loves company: And we're glad you could make it to Stewy Anderson, Bobby McTaggart, 'Big' Bad Ben' Corcoran, Lefty Bedard, Gerry Larocque, Mike Huard, John 'Bugle' Shaw, Wilf Knight, Fred 'Blackie' Chard, George Franklin, Eddie Nickerson, Mike Mazurko, Joe Warnholz, Ronnie Munro, Billy Kett, Gail Hastings, Harold Larsh, (Pardon me but didn't you just. . . ?) and Terry's big brother, Dashin Dave Crockett (Whereja get the blubber, buddy-o!) Louie G now calls him 'Two Chins'.

Viewed From The Terrace hit from the 6th Row on left outside; the Bobby Lyness' chocolates were good too, and Gerry Shatford, the Burns Bros, Donnie V, Brazeau, Hogie et al enjoyed the show — Freddy Laporte and Johnny Cox agreed: Cantinflas in Pepe, clicked, as did Dave Bradd's posh pad at Summer Place (but Billy Dee aint no relation to Sandra, I'm pretty sure). . . Of the 8 shows shown over the 2 long holiday weekends, above mentioned 3 rated best — Others reviewed were: The Gene Krupa Story, (a Little Sal mis-cast); Wings Of Chance, (too chancey, as Nicky Y. Romano would say); Les Girls, (Hubba, hubba!!); and Carry On Regardless, we're trying. . . Picture they asked for awhile back was so old it'd been discontinued from distribution. . . If we gotta see This Earth Is Mine once more, we'll give back the land. . . And if we haveta view Don't Give Up The Ship again, we'll surrender.

Willie McNiven and Yours Truly will play Bingo next time on condition Tom 'The Bomb' Etherington doesn't show up. Man, he's murder! — New Year's Eve games won approval although duration was somewhat short. . . Agent 3 reported the 9-9 tie f.h. gas the night Sludgebottom brought his G Dorm gamers over — Teebo, Cuthbie, Walky, Whiz & Co, "A Ball," said he. . . Top floor hockey players among newcomers include Chuck "Bobby Hull" Mayes, Larry Lonsberry, John Nearing, Gordie Robinson and John Clark. . . Old pro's Laporte Anderson, Simser, etc. maintain starring roles. . . Basketball, under Paul Verdun officially in operation — Freddy Sweet, best of the basketeers. . . Bass Bastine, official scorer (Natch). . . Bruce Walkinshaw, another Bob Cousy, when he plays. . . Gary Hillman, George Fawell, Norm Morrison, other stars.

Digger Don Valouche reports Dave Georgieff wearing his Frankie Avalon shirt (Craze, Frank) . . . Ken Brymer info's Nick Pidsealny finally got his chopperz — so did Gus 'Come On Mahovlich' Scarlet. . . Joe Gardiner isn't a car mechanic, he's a car washer! . . . Bobby Titchner singing the Burl Ives newie, 'A little bit a tear let me down. . . spoiled my act as a clown,' etc, etc. (Sounds like Hank Snow. Ha!) . . . Hey Carm, whatz new with yew? . . . Eddie Kitson has a new favorite song: My Boomerang Won't Come Back, via Buckles and/or Bud. *Help, help!!* . . . Robbie's still playing F.S., he's got a Pocketful Of Miracles. . . But thatz Big Bad John, says Long Tall — The Moose, notwithstanding . . . Billy Rows about Sawbuck: Sick, sick, sick. . . Patches Bigelli, (*Paisan!*) Gerry Marsh, Russ Hines, crossed the bay. . . If Tony Gardiner, via Jim Reichheld (Gone to Ville) gives you that L.T.T.F.N.D. routine, he's saying: Like tot tot for now, dig! . . . Query to V.E.: Do ya reely think he's working for Interpol? . . . To Lump, Dan, Kenny Weston: Didja evah get outa Green Bay? . . . In B Dorm: Eddie MacDonald has some items about Bill Cooper and vice versa. . . Will the *real* Kenny Brazeau please stand up! . . . Red Chapman, Al Dilbey, Cliff 'The Vest' Collins, other B'ers of renown . . . Fact: Russ Baird and Roy Long are both Perry Como fans — Isn't everybody? . . . I'm not gonna let those Dodge Brothers (Rick 'n John) in the Gordie Howe fan club — and that goes for Larkin, Dawson, and Punchy too. . . If I'm walking behind you, watch what you say.

Well lookit Pickles. (Ixnay, that's Hilton Garry) it isn't Cancer that's ob-scene, it's book Tropic Of Cancer (So they say). If you've got, the Youknowho are out to get you! . . . Chuck Davis, and George Kingdon, Billy Rope, Joe Gillan, John Darby, E.C. and all wondering if Big Al gets to see Yogi Bear out there? . . . Made chapel scene N.Y.'s day but couldn't get the message. By Miller and Jim Nobiss on either side, might have. . . Pete Chollette, Tiger McCullough, only choir members — sounded acceptable with Bill Hutton at organ. . . Norm Gerrard, new Protestant chapel cleaner. . . Frankie Ward, Connie Hayes, snow shovelling — ditto Roy Boziak. . . Cec Reid, fotograffing fish. . . Don Kelly, Bud Smith, touring. . . Chuck McCarthy, Tony Hunter, feuding. . . Jack Ross, Kenny Dalton, ping-ponging. . . Rick Goulet, Billy Dixon, Art A, Paul Waters, crazy eighting. . . Herbie Burke, Johnny Dodge, Ronnie Dixon, Town Clown, hearting. . . Listen, let's get sensabull! Here we go. . . Tommy Brice, By Miller, Ron Guthrie, Whotzhisname, darting. . . Eddie Sadick, Stan Hoffman, twisting — Al Paton, Tommy Cunningham, too — Ike Crellian, Jack Willis, also. . . 74 intense ones, Have Gun, Will Travel-ing; Ronnie Tucker intensest.

Don't tell anybody but Marcel Potvin gained 25 lbs. over big holidays. Hey Fatso! — Shoulda seen him do The Twist at one of Ed's 'really big shews'! — John 'n Herb, blush, blush. . . Carl Miller's brother heard conversing with Harvey The Rabbit! Whatz up Doc? . . . Spike Hand, Mike Brady, Neil Morrison, m.b.'s top trio for cuttups — and Skinny Mac, D.C., Titch, improving. . . After I stencil these 120,000 bags, do I get a prize? Certain party wants to know where Dave 'Abe' Haight learned cribbage. Quote: "If he wasn't so busy, it'd look better on him!" — Big Abe supervised m.b. fluorescent lites job, 7 months ago . . . Pat 'Skinner' Gaddie imitates hoosier singers, best here. . . Should see the guitars Bruce Saunders makes (Very Good). . . Sonny Reed, woodworking (His coffee tables are superb). . . I'll buy a Bobby Lyness 'covered wagon' next time I take a trip (Nice work, Robert). . . If you're a drinker, never go to Bass's joynt! (Haw). . . To the Disenchanted One: I'd say forget it. Fiction always tells spicier than fact because the more one adds the better it sounds. It was ever thus — Incidentally, you should write to Ann Landers! . . . Sign in Shoe Shop: I had no shoes and complained — until I met a man who had no feet.

To My Valentine: Joe Lee special to Nico; Buckles Flannigan to Bev; Jimmy Richards to Jean; Joe Warnholz to Anne Mae; Ronnie Tucker to Dorothy; Donnie Cuthbertson to Serita; Donnie Bogue to Audrey; Ghosty Cardonna to Geri; Nick Yankula to Bernice; Tommy Cunningham to Christine; Alec O'Niel to Del; By Miller to Vi; Joe Gardiner to Edythe; Don Antone to Jeanne; Ray Burns to Margo; Ray Bengle to Phyllis; Orval Ross to Mary; Ron Munro to Ethel; Gus Behrens to Barb; John Sholtanuk to Olga; Jack B. to Kim Novak; Marcel Potvin to Margaret; John Hebert to Cecile; Adrian Chicoine to Linda; Gerry Gibson to Kelly Lee; Luck Boissonneault Jr. to Doris; Bobby Titchner to Sally; Bill Greenley to Adeline, and Ike Crellian to his Sal. . . And from Bobby, Stan, Donnie, Al, Joey, Art, Pete, Tommy, Lloyd, Gerry, Stan and Willie to Lorrie, Chickie, Marcelle, Debbie, Helen, June, Shirley, Jackie, Kathy, Shirley, Teddi and Linda — More: Norv to Ena; L.L. to Claire; Albert to Isabelle; Donnie to Eileen. . . Best Regards: To Pit C, Michel D, J.P. Giroux, Faroux, Arthur L, R & M Poirier, Donat E, Paddy O, Ti-gars V, Claude P, Fatte, Lucien A, Charley D, A. Trudell, all other St. V. Friends; to Roger Hall (Dorchester), from Johnny Masse and Leo Plante. . . Wilf Knight to John Ryan, Larry Shirley. . . Buddy Johnston to L.S., Pete Stepanoff, Donat Larocque. . . Alex Hudyma to Bev, Michael, Diane. . . Mike Mazurko to Walter Guay, Claude Chalifoux, J. Sainclair (St. V); to Al Moe, Jack Collins, Willie Stratton (P.A.) . . . All The Mob to Alex Wilson, Harry Abbot. . . Chuck 'n Billy send thanks for J.C., Spider, cards. . . Chuck Tann, gone to V. leaves g.l. wish for Anita (See you in Oct.) . . . Harold Turpin, belated g.l. wish to Maizie. . . Belated h.b. wishes to Lorrie, Marcelle, Jackie from Bobby, Donnie, Tommy.

Baldy Hepburn claims he wouldn't cut my hair anyhow — too many holes in head. . . John Fox, champion Tea Cup reader, Duke Kuhn informs. . . I'll leave the jungle the same night The Lion wakes up. . . That song Town Without Pity isn't about ours, huh? . . . Wanta fabulous pencil portrait? See Joe Cayuga at Dave Wyse's printery. . . Roger Sevard assures me Cyril Roussev is t.s. way outest. . . Norm Van Deusen, Jackie Checkett, Red Brown, Joe Kikola, Norm Holden, Roy Henderson, all tailoring. . . Goldie Rodgers with a creweut. Ugh! . . . Oshkosh to Big M fans: "Only record he'll break will be most goals in the empty net." . . . George Watson, Bill Thurston, stopped school teaching. . . Eddie Phelan, Marcel Martin, B.J., lost hosp. go's. . . Gordie Cooper shook m.b.'s for kitchen. . . Gordie Matthews, flagmaker to carpenter. . . Garage note: Raymond 'The Boss' Gauthier demoted Don Davies to truck driver!. . . Harold 'The Colonel' Riley, elbowing while storying.

Ray Haggerty to writer: "I've had you tabbed for years, you're nuttier than a fruit cake." — my linotype buddies Herbie 'n Bass think so too. . . Adieu's & g.l. to Wally Martin, Duke Kuhn, Norm Matheson, Ernie Long, Chibok, Suitease, Dracisa, Coeey, Roy Gee, Bobby Oram, Marcel Darville, Jimmy Pyke, Doug Binks and Mitch Simko. . . Al Murphy always wuz an A.A.er. . . Midge Pallister now The Accountant — he accounts for garage floor! Midge to Rod: Got card from Doris. . . Dickie Latta, Mike Sebastian, music-ing. . . 2 Yul Bryner's, Henry & Lumpy, ashing. . . Spike: Little Lump?. . . Deborah Kerr has gotta Oscar this time!. . . R.C.C.S. army band encored Jan. 11. . . Fights on Feb. 3, says p 'n m Tony Gardiner. . . Hey T.C.! Carol Burnett tv spec, soon. . . Tom 'n Lou mad about Jaque B's stuff too (She's great). . . Stop Press!! Jim Stokes to Niki, to Mom, Joan; To Mom & Kids, congrats to Marjorie S, from Ronnie; Jim Nobiss to Gerry Caissey (Got card), Billy Banks (Got mag); Terry C. to Laura & 'J'. "It won't be long now my valentine?"; Dickie special to Terri — G.L.: Red Murphy, short parole. . . My thanks to all the Xmas card senders. . . Bobby 'KP Mail' Thibeault, braving blizzard. . . Below zero scene.

Flotsam

And

Jetsam

By Flotsam & Jetsam

Seen recently in front of the television screens were the oldster's aggregation plus the not so oldsters, enraptured by American Musical Revue. John Bubble and Bibi Osterwald tugged at heartstrings and evoked a flood of nostalgia. Amazing how one can feel nostalgic for an era when one was but a gleam. . . .

On the flick scene we took in Wings Of Chance. Said epic might well be the reason for mass migration to the West. Alberta scenery and all that jazz. On the recent showing of Pepe, our only comment is, fantabulous. Viva Cantinflas! Scintillating Summer Place satisfied sorrowful sob-sisters. Entire population now prepared to do an unsolicited testimonial for Kleenex Co.

Overheard en route to the dining room: "All right already, so I'm a sociopath, but I'm a well adjusted sociopath."

Latest addition to art collection was Elizabeth Fry Society's gifting of an unusual piece of work. The institution received Mr. Johnny Johnson's (instructor of local art group) interpretation of the Mexican god, Quetzalcoatl, done in a new medium, scrap iron. Very modern and eh deeg Pablo, it swings! Entertaining at the annual E. Fry party was a pick-up group comprised of local musicians, outside local that

is. The quartet was headed by Shayne Rideau, Piano; Roger Ryan, Bass; Ned Smith, Drums; Bill Babe; Tenor and Clarinet. If this group is indicative of what's happening to jazz in Kingston circles, we say, lovely sounds taking place. Will ye no come back again?

Kiwanis Club production Brigadoon talents Sam Campbell and Joan Abner, entertained ably with several selections from the show. The entire show was M.C'd by Ken Keyes, local school teacher, who devotes a vast amount of effort to bring entertainment our way. Refreshments were provided and served by E. Fry members. For a pleasant evening — a hearty thank you, from all.

Back to the mechanical monster and why, why, why is there not more exposure of the calibre of Q For Quest? Their latest effort combined the outstanding talents of the Double Six of Paris, a vocal group with a Lambert, Hendricks and Ross sound and the Wray Downs Trio. This venture created a great amount of interest in our cloistered halls and undoubtedly, elsewhere. Please C.B.C., more.

Widely read poet, John Robert Colombo, is being loudly heard as an editor of recently innovated publication, Exchange. Several copies have reached our desks and we hope this publication receives the support it deserves. If you have a chance give this mag a glance, very interesting reading.

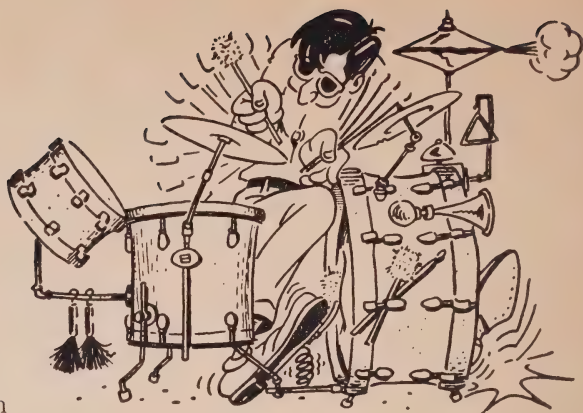
Sports Committee campaigners take note: Election time draws near. "Beware the Ides of March."

Through our diligent questioning, super sleuthing and reading of newspapers, we find that the Jones boy, known as Lord Snowdon, has gone to work. The Sunday Times has secured his services as artistic advisor and described it as being, "A real job of work." We say, a real labor of love. The natives are still restless in Katanga too.

In view of the fact that this is the months of hearts and flowers, we say to you: Yes, Virginia, there is a Dan Cupid.

The Rhythm Room

By Jack Stockman



Having been appointed band leader, it would appear I am to assume the responsibility of writing as well. My appointment as band leader was resultant to the retirement of Pete Zegil and the job of writing fell to me when Jerry Slaughter's short-lived career as journalist came to an end. In both cases I will do my very best, keeping in mind the guys I work with.

January brought entertainment to the inmate body and an object lesson to the musicians when we were treated to a variety of music by the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals Band. The Concert Orchestra, under the direction of Captain Charles Adams, presented a wonderful show and it was well received by a considerably large turnout of inmates.

All of the inmate musicians who attended the show took seats in the front row to be in position to catch the little tricks of the proficient Army musicians. If our guys had their eyes open widely, and many of them did, they were able to catch many a pointer. From a listener's standpoint, the music was smooth and well handled.

The Concert Orchestra played a variety of numbers from Bach to Boogie, with standard Concert Band selections such as Xylophone solos and duets, coronet trios, novelty numbers and ex-

ceptionally well-received violin solos by WO 1 Jack Perks. Mr. Perks also performs on solo clarinet as well as being Assistant Band Master. The dance-band section played superbly and received a thunderous ovation for their efforts.

To the Royal Canadian Signals Band we would like to say: Thank you for a very enjoyable afternoon. Will you come again soon?

Our own band, The Kingpins, has progressed a good deal in the past few weeks and everyone connected with it is feeling a certain amount of satisfaction. I have no elaborate plans for the band, only to make it as good as I can and at the same time utilize every possible musician. With the new arrangements we were graciously given by the Army Band, we are producing a good dance-band sound and this meets with everyone's approval, thus far.

Scotty Corcoran, Jerry Slaughter, Pete Zegil, Bill Hutton and Frenchy Poulin, under the care of Art "Strap" Eadie, went out to play at the Blind Institute on January 16th. In the beginning, the guys were a little apprehensive about not going out with the full group, but they had only played a few bars of the first number when the audience accompanied them with singing.

In this instance, the audience made the show. All the guys came back raving about what a wonderful time they had. The people at the Institute made them feel welcome and appreciated. It is at this type of outing that a musician can really extend himself.

The music was, for the most part, old time. Willie Poulin did his dance routine and the people loved it. Jerry Slaughter could be heard singing above everyone else and it was apparent that he was having the time of his life. Pete Zegil played guitar and violin solos and the local audience gave him a warm hand. Bill Hutton gave his usual wonderful performance on the piano and it was obvious he enjoyed his work.

To the people at the Blind Institute, the fortunate few musicians who went out to entertain you have this to say:

"We have never enjoyed a gig more. We felt at ease through the entire show and it was fun playing for you. We only hope that we will soon have the good fortune to play for you again."

Mr. Reason, our Liaison Officer, works hard to bring about these outside visits and his only reward is the satisfaction he derives from knowing the visits are a step ahead in penology.

Meanwhile, in our workshop we are striving to whip a unit into shape that will be able to handle every musical situation. Now that the musical situations, opportunities to play, are more frequent, we have to be on our toes. We are using everyone we can in the band



and we can never have too many musicians. This is incentive to the guys that are coming up to work harder and make the band. An ideal situation for us is when every man playing an instrument can sit in with the unit and blow.

The Western Group is not as good as it might be, but individually, they are progressing and when show time rolls around, they will do every bit as good a job as they have done in past shows.

I would like to mention here that all future writing, be it criticism or otherwise, done by me will be constructive and not designed to destroy the morale of inmate musicians. On the whole, we have a very good thing going for us in the Music Dorm and airing personal grievances in our press will not benefit anyone. Until next month, twist easy.



The jazz magazine, Coda, has suffered a slight monetary set-back. Publication has been temporarily discontinued. Mr. Norris, the Editor, assures that the magazine will not be allowed to die however. It would be in the interest of jazz to subscribe if you are not already doing so, or extend your subscription another year if you are. Coda can be subscribed to at: The Canadian Jazz Magazine, Box 87, Station "J", Toronto 6, Ontario.

Fashion Notes

by JACKIE BRANTON

Now as any man will tell you, given the opportunity, women will be women in mode of dress where e'er they are. The women in our particular sphere are, in this respect, no different from the women anywhere else. Out of the will-to-wear-whenever, types evolve. Let me introduce you to some.

The FREE-FORM INTELLECTUAL

Here is an "aware" girl. She is on the "Fair Play For Troika Drivers" committee. She is completely unspoiled by the crass world around her. Her tights are left over from last year's Modern Dance Class and she carries an authentic burlap canteen bag. She must be extremely fashion conscious or else she would wear something fashionable by mistake.



The ATHLETE (sort of)

She collects ski-sweaters and mugs. She doesn't know a slalom from a salomi but insists that ski-pants are the only comfortable thing to lounge in. Come spring, she manages to acquire the first tan. She doesn't play tennis but is constantly wearing tennis shorts. She just adores the cold weather, though she hasn't been outside the door since the leaves fell.

The AESTHETE

Her constant cry is that the issued garments have neither texture nor line. This is why, in her spare time, she wears burlap toreador pants with a fish net blouse. She collects antique jewelry and modern paintings and usually carries a rose. She is affected. When roses are out of season, a thin volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay suffices.

The PERENNIAL TWEED

This girl looks simply smashing in blazers, hence she wears them all the time. She has six of them and they are worn simultaneously. Her hair is sun-streaked to perfect, even when there is no sun. Her knee-socks never fall down. She is definitely unconsciously fashion-wise. Anyone as unconsciously fashion conscious as she, should be in Bryn Mawr.



The SIREN

She wears bauble, bangles and beads. The baublier, the banglier, the beadier, the better. She can be seen wearing sunglasses in the library. And she insists that mohair sweaters are the only kind. She wears nylons under slacks and her one aim is to marry a rich, aged man upon release. She'd best!

The BARDOT-PHILE

Her hair is a tangled mess — after Miss B.'s current style. She hoards pics of Sacha Distel, Roger Vadim et al. She can be seen taking in seams continuously. In all probability she is the only female in the institution who goes barefoot in March.



The HISTRION

She wears flowing piegnoirs, while viewing old Greta Garbo movies on late television. Eye makeup is de rigueur for breakfast at seven, and she rises at five to apply it. She chooses colours that everyone else loathes because, "Dahling, they're absolutely mad, mad, mad." Of course, she gave up wearing tights because, "they're just too prosaic." (She is also affected.)

Well, now you have met a few of "Les Fille" and you're that much wealthier. Don't kick it around, but they're not too much different than their sisters all over the globe.

To my innumerable friends who aren't talking to me since publication of this, I can only say: Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Actually I made these observations at a time when I thought a lot on the level of women's dress. Now I'm more concerned with women's stress.

The Devil's Death

By G. Turanchik

The Dean of Justice, having revoked Mike Turner's liberty license for three years suggested that he redirect his interests and apply his talents to some line of endeavour alien to that which, to date, had been so successful in ruining his life. He did redirect his interests and he did choose another line of endeavor. He was presently leaving the prison with a theoretical knowledge of crime which would, if practical, make him the most successful, fruitful criminal of the era.

While in prison Mike studied electronics, a science with which he was not entirely unfamiliar. He read, discussed and absorbed every bit of electronic data available. He subscribed to the latest electronic publications. He experimented secretly with crude devices. His determined effort was eventually rewarded with the assurance that he could assemble a compact electronic device that would reduce the impregability of any security vault to the status of a paste-board box. There would be no more cheque forging for Mike Turner. It was now his theory that only tissue manufacturers prosper from pushing bum paper.

"Surely they haven't forgotten me," he mused. The "they" referred to in his musings was directed not only at the keeper of the keys but also his family who shared his anxiety from the reverse side of the steel-barred exit. They too had long looked forward to the day when their eldest son and brother could

be rescued from the stigmatic clutch of prison. Their's was a close-knit family and no sacrifice was too great if it made Mike's prison life a little more tolerable. Monthly visits and weekly letters kept him up to date on the events surrounding the Turner clan and they were constantly assuring him that the groundwork was being laid for a new constructive future which would separate him from his old destructive past.

"Get your gear, Turner," boomed the startling voice of the keeper. "There are some people here to pick you up so I'll dispense with the usual 'Goodbye, Don't Come Back' amenities. I'm up to my neck in disappointments."

"Try reversing your mirrors," countered Mike as he strode through the door and joined his happy family. Mom, Pop, Mary, Nancy, John and even little Helen were on hand to attend Mike's debut. Within minutes the old life and the City of Prisons lay behind and the shiny, blue Meteor sped eastward and home.

For three weeks Mike gorged himself on Mom's favorite cooking and chuckled over Pop's stories about his work at the bakery. The entire family took pains to make Mike feel he was once again a member of the Turner family and it was through no fault of theirs that his days began to drag. There was simply too much leisure and no constructive enterprise to occupy this free time.

One afternoon he retreated to his room and remained there until he had formulated a specific plan of operation. His immediate requirements were few but were so extensive as to put them well above his financial range. He naturally considered — and immediately rejected — the idea of writing a cheque. He could not borrow it from Mike Turner Sr. without revealing his intentions. There was one alternative. A new and modern electronic supply outlet had been opened in the area during Mike's absence. Undoubtedly they would han-

dle the equipment he required and this evening he would subject the lock-picking facet of his newly acquired criminal knowledge to a test. He would enter the store shortly after closing time, select the equipment he needed, then inconspicuously make his way home just a few blocks away.

Mike was unusually quiet during dinner that evening. He had mentally rehearsed the plan until all the rough edges were eliminated. A phone call to the electronic supply store assured him it would close at 6 p.m. His Pop's bright red lunch box would be used to carry the stolen equipment back and provide him with a "worker's" appearance.

"You're not hungry, son?" queried Mike's mother. "Maybe you don't feel well?" she asked, with obvious concern.

"I'm fine, mom. Getting a bit tired just sitting around the house. Tomorrow I'm going to do some work in the garage."

"Tell him now, dad," urged Johnny, Mike's kid brother.

"Sh-sh, sh-sh!!" Nancy and Mary Chorused.

Mike was uncomfortably aware that his Father was gazing at him, mentally aligning the words which would be spoken for his benefit. He hoped it would not take up too much time for he had an important appointment in ten minutes that would change the course of his life.

Mr. Turner began: "Mike, we've been holding back a big surprise. You would like to own a business, right?"

"Dad, as a businessman I'm a failure. With my luck, I could open a funeral parlor and all at once people would quit dying."

"A good business," continued the father, "clearing \$1500.00 a month with Nancy and John working full time in the store. If I retire this year maybe you could find room for your father..."

"And I'll sweep the floor," interrupted Helen.

"Such a business would be fine, Pop.

I have sixty-one dollars and eighteen cents in my wallet. Tomorrow I'll go out and buy a supermarket and hire the whole neighborhood. Dad, I know you have some scheme in mind to help me straighten out and I appreciate your interest. However, I'm already late for a date so we'll have to postpone this little meeting for a couple of hours."

The door closed behind Mike and a half hour had passed before the elder Turner could find words to shatter the stunned silence. "A scheme he called it," remonstrated Mike Turner Sr. "For three years we scrimped and saved, even mortgaged the house so that there would be a business waiting for him when he returned. On Monday he's the new manager. What kind of a date is so important that he can't show a little consideration?"

"Daddy," said Nancy, "he didn't know we bought the store. He left before you could tell him but he'll be back in..."

"Pops, you're wanted on the phone," Johnny called from the study.

"It's probably the bakery," he mused resignedly. "I'm not working tonight. The Devil's death couldn't get me out of this house. Hello?" He inquired.

"Mr. Turner?" asked an unfamiliar voice.

"Yes."

"This is Sergeant Woods of the City Police. There's nothing to be alarmed about but a few minutes ago some devil was shot and killed running away from your store. There doesn't appear to be anything missing. We recovered your wallet and...."

"My wallet?" queried Mr. Turner, drawing a well-worn billfold from his pocket.

"Yeah," the Sergeant confirmed, "Your wallet complete with sixty-one dollars and eighteen cents, not to mention your driver's license, which, incidentally, expired three years ago. We also found a red lunchbox filled with electronic equipment. Are you still there, Mr. Turner?...Hello...Hello?"

PRISMS



CHIEFS CHAFE

Police chiefs at the recent World Convention of Chiefs of Police in Montreal introduced a resolution thanking U.S. Congressman Frank J. Becker for criticizing Al Capp's treatment of law officers in his comic strip, 'Lil Abner'.

Presumably the statement had reference to 'Fearless Fosdick', Capp's bumbling but entertaining detective.

The chiefs heartily endorsed Congressman Becker's public spirit in "recognizing the potential danger" of Capp's cop character.

FACTS ABOUT A FACTORY

Passing through the garment factory at Marquette prison the Chaplain, Arthur C. Deveries noticed a prisoner sitting cross-legged on the floor, sewing a burlap covering on a bale of overalls.

"Good morning," the Chaplain said, "Sewing, eh?"

"No, Chaplain," the con replied with a grim smile. "Reaping."

Weekly Progress



FORBIDDEN FRUIT

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but according to Mr. Peter Opychany of Whitby, Ontario, bananas attract cops.

Mr. Opychany, who is known to do a little gambling, was quietly eating a banana when two constables suddenly appeared and proceeded to choke him until his knees sagged and his face turned a dark chartreuse.

"He might have been swallowing betting slips," one of the officers explained later.

Mr. Opychany has not been seen near a fruit store since.





IN THE SWIM

The concept of progressive penology has resulted in many innovations in the field of penal administration and the treatment of prisoners.

But the maximum security penitentiary in the State of Utah is way out in front in the respect, boasting a swimming pool for its inmates.

"Keeps them clean, anyway," the warden is reported to have said.

HE'S REALLY VERY ARMLESS

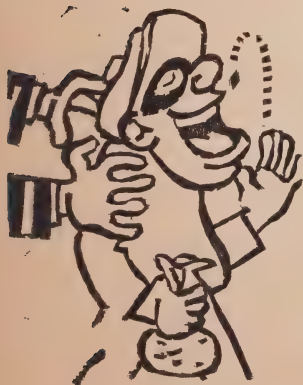
A man was in court faced with the charge of burglarizing a woman's home. "Your Honor," the defence attorney told the judge, "it's true that my client removed the purse from the plaintiff's bedroom table, but that doesn't make him guilty of burglary. For burglary a man must enter. My client did break a window, but he never did enter the woman's window.

"A man's arm isn't his whole self," the lawyer went on glibly. "It would be unfair to punish the whole man for what his arm did."

The judge smiled and said, "taking into consideration your argument I hereby sentence the defendant's arm to one year in prison. He may accompany it if he chooses or he may not if he chooses."

Undeterred, the attorney turned to his client and nodded. The convicted burglar stood up, unfastened his wooden arm, and strolled out of the court room to freedom.

The Spectator

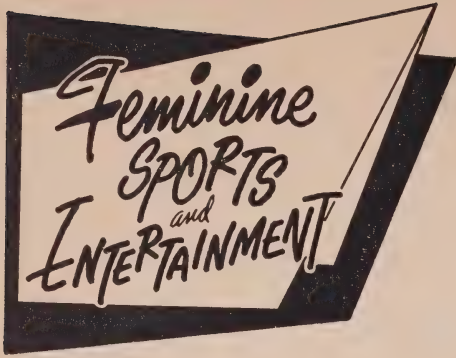


THE INNER MAN

It seems that in the Orient the long arm of the law can reach way down inside of you and come up with the evidence.

Tong Si Hup was recently convicted of theft by the expedient of surgery. Authorized by a court of law, surgeons operated on him.

Cached in his stomach they found a necklace he had been accused of stealing. As a result of the operation he was sent to prison for an extended stay.



By Tedy Fryer

The Christmas concert has long since passed into the annals of history but it leaves an extremely pleasant thought of success in the hearts of the many viewers and participants.

Albeit the format was slightly different from past performances, there was the usual note of continuity and excitement that prevails in every institution concert.

The opener, a short play entitled *Enterprising Oswald*, had Sadie Blanchfield and Helen Manson playing hostesses to a variety of pooches ranging from a chihuahua to a pekingese to a Labrador retriever. Direction was by Mrs. V. Smethurst, who did an excellent job in training the stars.

The second play, *Belinda and The Frustrated Fairy*, directed by Professor Smethurst, had the audience in gales of laughter at the expulsion of very intellectually phrased wishes issued by wee Barb Eisert, as Belinda, to Stella Wilkin's portrayal of the Frustrated Fairy. The brief episode in mirth and merriment completely captivated the audience.

The third play was directed by Mrs. Norma Edwards, an active member of both the Domino Theater Radio Workshop, and The Queen's & R.M.C. Faculty Players. It was a Hollywood wife's story of how to cope with the situations arising when the young and

impressionable of her husband's fans are gaining entry to her home, attempting suicide on her doorstep and being a general nuisance. All in all, the acting in this play was done extraordinarily well. Considering that most of the cast were emoting in their first attempt, it is apparent that Drama Group presentations in the future will be deserving of greater attendance.

The Drama segments were interspersed with several outstanding variety numbers of song, dance and a comedienne, thus providing the necessary balance to the show. The lovely voice of Wendy D. with accompanist, Mrs. M. McLelland, was heard in two numbers — *Ave Maria* and the *Lord's Prayer*. This girl has career potential as a classical singer. We will hear more of her.

Of course no concert would be complete without the swinging sounds of Myrtle R. on her piano to accompany vocalists and dancers. She also provided background music for our monologist, Jacqueline Branton. Audience reaction indicates that Jacquie's Shelley Berman type of performance (complete with stool), based on a fast-paced, original script, could compete with the current crop of comediennes.

Chris Jones' vocals — *Blue Christmas*, *Hurt* and *Lazy River* — fell on very receptive ears. This chick was at her best. She could give Timmy Yuro competition.

The dancers, under Naomi's direction, gave a tap version of a Christmas medley. It was followed by solo acrobatics by Carol C. to round out the evening.

Another holiday attraction was a carol concert, presented through the efforts of the Chaplains. St. George's Cathedral Choir, Directed by Mr. G. Maybee, and Notre Dame Convent Choir, directed and accompanied by Sister Aloysia, gave us a very enjoyable evening. We express heartfelt thanks to all members of the aggregation.



Letters To The Editors

Although not strictly a 'Letter to the Editors' Telescope is pleased to pass along the following:

Dear Mr. Payne;

The chess club has decided to send a Christmas card to the members of the prison chess club as a token of our appreciation of the excellent competition they provided and the fine welcome we received.

We were not sure that such a card was entirely appropriate, but we hope it will be received in the spirit in which it was sent. We would like them to know that we enjoyed our visits, and hope our coming brought some happiness to them.

Also we wish to thank you personally for your efforts on behalf of the prison club and for providing us with a chance to play some good chess. We are looking forward to further matches.

I hope you will be kind enough to forward the card to the club members.

Yours sincerely,
Larry Hawke,
(for Queen's Chess Club)

The Editors,
Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the wonderful heart-warming article about you boys adopting the little orphan at Christmastime. With all the dreadful news that has been in the newspapers, it is always a pleasure to receive my monthly *Telescope* and be reassured that there are two sides to every coin.

God has been good to me. I raised four wild boys but none of them ever went to prison, though they tried hard. I guess they were luckier than some boys, and of course they had me and their father to get them out of scrapes. Now they are all settled down with families of their own to worry about.

I like to think that if one of my boys were in prison he would be one of the ones to contribute to the little orphan. I trust you will soon print more details on this wonderful project.

Yours truly,
Mrs. G. Harkness,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:

I have been taking your magazine for six months now and am constantly surprised at the over-all quality of the writing. And yet when I think of it it seems natural that there should be good writers in prison as there are probably good carpenters and plumbers and musicians.

I enjoy *Telescope* although I am not familiar with all the ins and outs of penology. I am curious to know about your little orphan and hope you will run a piece on the child when you learn more about it.

Yours truly,
Madeline Casonni,
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

Your magazine is very good and I would like to know if I could get your last three issues sent to me.

As you can see, I'm writing from the medium security camp, Beaver Creek. And its the best place to do time if you can make it.

Incidentally, your magazine is the best penal publication I have come across.

Sincerely,
5585 J. C. McCrea,
Box 1240,
Gravenhurst, Ont.

The Editors:

Received my first issue of Telescope. Not bad. Not much of a reader. Brother talked me into it. Glad I did. Good thing about that kid. Not a real adoption but good anyway. Good stuff you fellows are doing.

Don't understand all that stuff. Those women right funny. Too much slang for me. That Cram in that fellows column must have been a bit off. All that money and hanging around bums. No wonder their hearts bleed for him. Meal ticket gone. Its worth a dollar I guess.

Sam Bodie,
Long Lac

Dear Sirs:

I have been meaning to write ever since I received the October issue which included your query about how you receive CODA each month. The reason goes back a couple of years, when your music columnist of that time and I agreed to exchange magazines. This we have been doing ever since.

I'm glad that you get pleasure from reading CODA. I, in turn, enjoy the TELESCOPE, particularly your reports on musical activities.

With all best wishes,

John Norris,
Editor of CODA
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your recent format changes. Each succeeding issue of TELESCOPE seems to have some new improvement lately. I would like to see more pictures of your domicile, but I suppose you have a reason for not printing more.

Your magazine is a good dollar's worth just the way it is.

Yours sincerely,
Sylvia Donald,
Regina, Sask.

CENSUS

Received during month	80	Discharged during month	9
Transferred	82	Escaped	0
Died	1	At large	1
Total	980	Paroled	1



Gone

By J. B.

The hour of dawn was growing near. Empty wine bottles stood lined up in a precise row on the cluttered table. Somewhere in the alley behind the building a roaming cat knocked a garbage lid awry. The ensuing clatter was vaguely reminiscent of what she tried to recall through a fog-misted memory.

"Oh well," she thought, "it will soon be time to wake George. Perhaps he'll remember." She eased a pile of clothes from the rickety chair, pushed a pregnant ashtray to the other side of the table and laid her head in the crook of her arm.

Her thoughts drifted back. Back just a few short years when the wine bottles weren't a commonplace sight. Back to days filled with laughter and love.

Through the open window, sounds of people forced to live in close proximity filtered faintly to her ears. She heard a car door slam. It stuck. The bang, bang of the lock failing to catch became a mounting crescendo of noise battering at her ears. She pressed both hands tightly against her head.

Rocking to and fro she started to sob. "Oh God," she implored, "make it stop!" Her cry was not only a plea for the car door to catch, but a plea for the squalor, the constant fighting, the horrible depression to vanish.

Slowly she raised her head, dabbed away a few salty tears that coursed down her face. She made a few desultory attempts at straightening up the room.

The thought came to her in a rush: "I'll wake George. We can go out and walk through the park like we used to. Things will be fine."

Excitement brought a flush to her cheeks. She stumbled in her haste to reach the bedroom. Half crying, half laughing, she grabbed the open door for support.

Then she saw it — the broken bottle, the blood, George. It all came back at once, the screaming, the hate flowing between them like a live thing, the feel of the bottle neck clutched in her fist, and the glittering green flash of the jagged edge as she lunged. And the look of sick surprise congealing on his ruptured face.

They heard her screams and came and took her out into the brilliant sunlight of her new day and all she could whimper was, "Gone. George is gone."

Children paused momentarily to watch and then, with the callousness of the very young, returned to their games.



EVEN ON SUNDAY!

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